# ANECDOTES,

# TALES, &c.

SELECTED BY

## A DEBTOR,

DURING HIS CONFINEMENT IN

# DURHAM JAIL.

"Ah! where can I forget the generous man,
"Who touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
"Into the horrors of a gloomy jail?
"Unpitied and unheard, where miſery moans?
"Where ſickneſs pines? where thirſt and hunger burn,
"And poor misfortune feels the laſh of vice."

DURHAM:

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PRINTED BY G. WALKER,
1800.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor thinks a duty incumbent on him, to return his moſt grateful Acknowledgements to his numerous Subſcribers, for their kind Aſſiſtance in enabling him to preſent to the public Eye the following Anecdotes, &c. which he hopes will afford them as much Entertainment in the Peruſal, as they did him in the Selection.

# THOUGHTS
ON THE
# NECESSITY OF EDUCATION,
BY WAY OF
# INTRODUCTION.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Soften the manners, and ſubdue the mind.

I Conſider an human ſoul without education like marble in a quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, until the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein that runs throught the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtu and perfection, which without ſuch helps are

never able to make their appearance. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſinterred, and brought to light. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if we are delighted with the accounts of ſavage nations, and contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated.

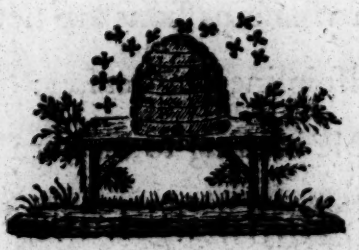
Men's paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When we hear of negroes, who upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed

raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies? That we ſhould not put them upon the common footing of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

We ſee in many amazing inſtances of barbarity, what ſtrange diſorders are bred in the minds of thoſe men whoſe paſſions are not regulated by virtue and diſciplined by reaſon: It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſſed, there are even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe

nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantage of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection: Diſcourſes of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the beſt means we can make uſe of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourſelves, and conſequently to recover ſouls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them.

SPECTATOR.



ANECDOTES,

# ANECDOTES, &c.

## ANECDOTE
OF A
## FAITHFUL DOG.

AUBRI DE MONDIDIER, hunting in the foreſt of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. He was always attended by a favourite dog, attached to him in a very ſingular manner. This dog would not quit his maſter's grave for ſeveral days, till at length, compelled by hunger, he went to the houſe of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling, ſeemed deſirous of expreſſing the loſs they had both ſuſtained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, then looked back to ſee if any perſon followed him, returned to his maſter's friend, pulled him by the ſleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him. The ſingularity of all

the actions of the dog; his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been; the sudden disappearance of his master, &c. induced the company to follow the dog, who conducted them to the fatal tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, pointing out as well as he could, the spot they should search. Accordingly, upon digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Sometime after, the dog met the assassin, the Chevalier Macaire, when, instantly seizing him by the throat, it was with great difficulty that he was compelled to quit his prey. Whenever he saw him afterwards, he pursued him and attacked him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the dog, exhibited only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary to those who recollected the dog's fondness for his master; and at the same time several instances wherein Macaire had manifested his envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier, with other additional circumstances encreased suspicion, which at length was communicated to the royal ear. The king sent for the dog: he appeared extremly gentle, till perceiving Macaire in the midst of twenty nobles, he ran instantly towards him, growling, and flew at him as usual

In those times when no positive proof of a crime could be procured, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. This was denominated *the judgment of God*, from a persuation that Heaven would sooner work a miracle, than suffer innocence to punish with infamy. The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, resolved to refer the decision to the *chance of war*, and commanded a

combat

combat between the chevalier and the dog. The *liſts* were appointed in the *Iſle of Notre Dame*, then an incloſed place. Macaire's weapon was a large cudgel; the dog had an empty caſk allowed for his retreat, in order to recover breath. The combatants being ready, the dog no ſooner found himſelf at liberty than he ran round his adverſary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every ſide till his ſtrength was exhauſted; then ſpringing forward, he griped Macaire by the throat and threw him on the ground, where he confeſſed his crime before the king, and afterwards ſuffered death for the murder of the dog's maſter. This circumſtance is recorded by the hand of a painter in the caſtle of Montarſis, and has the confirmation of *Scaliger*, and *Father Montfaucon*. *Oliver de la Marche* ſays, this faithful animal lived in the reign of Louis the VIII.

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## THE PATIENT ANGLER.

THE late Dr. Franklin uſed to obſerve, that of all the amuſements which the ingenuity of man had deviſed for the purpoſe of recreation, none required the exerciſe of the moſt patient attention ſo much as angling; a remark which he generally enforced with the following anecdote.

"About ſix o'clock on a fine morning in ſummer (ſaid the Doctor) I ſet out from Philadelphia, on a viſit to a friend at a diſtance of fifteen miles; and paſſing a brook where a gentleman was angling,

I inquired if he had caught any thing?—"No Sir, ſaid he, I have not been here long—only two hours." I wiſhed him a good morning, and purſued my way. On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the ſame identical ſpot, and I again inquired if he had any ſport?—"Very good Sir," ſaid he, "caught a great many fiſh?"—"None at all."—"Had a great many bites, I ſuppoſe?"—Not one; but I had *a moſt glorious nibble.*"

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## AN ANCIENT ANGLING ANECDOTE.

PLUTARCH, ſpeaking of angling, informs us that Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in the midſt of their unparalelled ſplendor, paſſed many of their hours in that tranquil amuſement. He alſo mentions a deception reciprocally played off by thoſe royal perſonages upon each other. The whole buſineſs of angling, indeed, may be ſaid to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art ſhould be excuſed. But let me haſten to the tale.

"Antony," ſays Plutarch, "went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being ſo unfortunate as to catch nothing in the preſence of his miſtreſs, he was much diſſatisfied, and gave ſecret orders to the fiſhermen to dive under the water, and put fiſhes which had been freſh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: ſhe pretended, however, to be ſurpriſed at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumſtance to her friends; at the ſame time, inviting

inviting them to come and ſee him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fiſhing veſſels; and as ſoon as Antony had let down his line, ſhe commanded one of the ſervants to be before hand with Anthony, and, on diving into the waters, to fix upon his hook a *ſalted fiſh*, one of thoſe which were brought from the Euxine Sea." —It does not appear how Antony reliſhed this impoſition from his fair aſſociate.

## ANECDOTE

### RESPECTING THE LATE

## RICHARD RIGBY, ESQ.

THE early life and habits of Mr. Rigby, were not calculated to enforce œconomy: according to the faſhionable manners of the age, mortgages and money-lenders had made deep inroads on his paternal eſtate, which was originally reſpectable, before he had perfectly attained the age or art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to implore his imprudence in abject dependence, had not the TURF, which contributed to diminiſh, afforded him an opportunity of redeeming his fortune.

The grandfather of the preſent Duke of Bedford had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper and unfair interference at their races; and as it was by no means

means ſafe or eaſy, effectually to puniſh a man fortified by rank, priviledge and wealth, they at laſt determined to beſtow, on this illuſtrious offender, manual correction. The over-bearing conduct of the Duke in ſome matter related to the ſtarting of the horſes, and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpoſe, ſoon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purpoſe. He was in a moment ſeparated from his attendants, ſurrounded by the party, huſtled and unmercifully horſewhipped by an exaſperated country attorney, with keen reſentment and a muſcular arm. The lawyer perſevered in this ſevere diſcipline without being interrupted by his grace's outcries and repeated declarations "that he was the Duke of Bedford," an aſſertion which Mr. Humphries, the aſſailant, poſitively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himſelf in ſo ſcandalous a manner." The matter ſoon circulated over the courſe, and, reaching Mr. Rigby's ear, with a generous, perhaps political gallantry, he burſt through the crowd, reſcued the diſtreſſed peer, completely threſhed his antagoniſt, and protected the Duke off the ground.

From this time the foundation of the immenſe fortunes of this gentleman may be dated. Grateful for the ſingular ſervice they had received, the Ruſſell family heaped their favours on him, and at length procured him the moſt lucrative office in the gift of the crown, that of paymaſter general: the emoluments ariſing from which, during the American War, amounted annually to fifty thouſand pounds. The amuſement of Mr. Rigby, in the country, principally conſiſted in fox-hunting; for which, in the county of Suffolk, his abilities are well

well known. In ſhort, where ever buſineſs or pleaſure conducted him, his ſocial habits and convivial talents gave a zeſt to the ſcene.

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## ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

## JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THE uncle of this gentleman, Sir Harvey Elwes, on ſucceeding to the family eſtate, found himſelf nominally poſſeſſed of ſome thouſands a-year, but really with only an income of one hundred pounds per annum. He ſaid, on his arrival at Stoke, in Suffolk, (the family ſeat,) that "never would he leave it till he had entirely cleared the paternal eſtate;" and he lived to do that, and to realize above £.100,000 in addition.

But he was formed entirely of the very materials to make perfect the character of a miſer. He was timid, ſhy and diffident in the extreme. He kept his houſehold (conſiſting of one man and two maid ſervants) chiefly upon game and fiſh which he had in his ponds; and the cows which grazed before his door, furniſhed milk, cheeſe and butter for his little œconomical family: what fuel he did burn, his woods ſupplied.

As he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading, the hoarding up, and the counting of his money was his greateſt delight. The next

to

to that was partridge ſetting, at which he was ſo great an adept, and game was then ſo plentiful, that he has been known to take 500 brace of birds in one ſeaſon. But he lived upon partridges, he and his whole little houſehold: what they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave any thing away.

During the whole partridge ſeaſon, Sir Harvey and his man never miſſed a day, if the weather was tolerable; and his breed of dogs being remarkable good, he ſeldom failed in taking great quantities of game.

At all times he wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dreſs ſuit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worſted ſtockings drawn over his knees. He rode a thin thorough bred horſe, and the horſe and his rider looked as if a guſt of wind would have blown them away together.

Thus lived, and thus died the uncle of old Mr. Elwes, whoſe poſſeſſions at the time of his death were ſuppoſed to be at leaſt, £.250,000, which fell to his nephew Mr. Meggot, who, by his will, was ordered to aſſume the name and arms of Elwes, who, at the time of his ſucceeding to the ſame, had advanced beyond his fortieth year, and for fifteen years previous to this period, it was, that he was known in the more faſhionable circles of London.

He had always a turn for play, and as it was only late in life, and paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived diſguſt at the inclination.

At an early period of life he was ſent to Weſtmiſter ſchool, where he remained for ten or twelve years, and was allowed to be a good *claſſical ſcholar*; and it is a circumſtance not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that he never read afterwards.

From

From Weſtminſter ſchool, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he ſoon entered into purſuits more agreeable to him than ſtudy. The *riding-maſters* of the academy there, had then to boaſt, perhaps, three of the beſt riders in Europe, Mr. Worſley, Mr Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows.

Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the moſt deſperate. The young horſes were always put into his hands, and he was the *rough rider* to the other two.

The *acquaintances* which he had formed at Weſtminſter ſchool, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conſpired to introduce Mr Elwes (then Mr Meggot) into whatever ſociety he beſt liked. He was admitted a member of the club at Authur's and various other clubs at that period; and as ſome proofs of his notoriety at that time, as a man of deep play, Mr. Elwes, the late Lord Robert Bertie and ſome others, are noticed in a ſcene in the *Adventures of a Guinea*, for the frequencies of their *midnight orgies*. Few men, even from his own acknowledgments, had played deeper than himſelf, and with ſuch various ſucceſs. He once played two days and a night without intermiſſion, and the room being a ſmall one, nearly up to their knees in cards. He loſt ſome thouſands at that ſitting. The late Duke of Northumberland was of the party, who never would quit a table while any hopes of winning remained.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been richer by ſome thouſands from the mode in which he paſſed this part of his life: but the vowels *i. o. u.* were then in uſe. The ſums that were owed him, even by *very noble names*, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loſer by play; and though he never could, or

perhaps would, aſcertain the ſum, it is known from circumſtances ſince, that it was very conſiderable. The theory which he profeſſed, "*that it was impoſſible to aſk a gentleman for money*," he perfectly confirmed by the practice, and he never violated this feeling to the lateſt hour of his life.

It is curious to remark, at this period of Mr. Elwes's life, how he then contrived to mingle ſmall attempts at ſaving, with objects of the moſt unbounded diſſipation. After ſitting up whole nights at play for thouſands, with the moſt faſhionable and profligate men of his time, amid ſplendid Rooms, gilt ſofas, waxlights, and waiters attendant at his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, *not* towards home, but into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Eſſex. There would this ſame man, forgetful of the ſcenes he had juſt left, ſtand in the cold or rain, haggling with a carcaſe butcher for a *ſhilling*. Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without ſtopping, which was ſeventeen miles from London, after ſitting up the whole of the night.

Mr. Elwes generally travelled on horſeback. His firſt care was to put two or three eggs boiled hard, into his pocket, or any ſcraps of bread he could find. Baggage he never took; then mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London in that road where turnpikes were the leaſt numerous. Next ſtopping under any hedge where he ſaw graſs for his horſe, and a little water for himſelf, he would ſit down and refreſh himſelf and his animal.

His chief reſidence, at this period, was at his ſeat at Marcham, in Berkſhire, from whence he went to reſide at the manſion houſe of his late uncle, at Stoke, in Suffolk.

It was on coming into Suffolk, that Mr. Elwes firſt began to keep fox-hounds; and his ſtable of hunters, at that time, was ſaid to be the beſt in the kingdom. This was the only inſtance in his whole life, of his ſacrifiſing money to pleaſure. But even here, every thing was conducted with the utmoſt frugality. To modern ſportſmen, who recommend warm cloathing and hot ſtables, his manner of treating his horſes may appear ſingular. As ſoon as they were pefectly dry from hunting, he always turned them out for two or three hours, if the weather was clear, let the cold be ever ſo intenſe. Thus they walked off the ſtiffneſs occaſioned by fatigue, and preſerved their feet: this enabled one of them, he ſaid, to be able to carry him at the advanced age of twenty two years.

To Mr. Elwes, an inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill were equally ſubjects of averſion; therefore, when he once received a dangerous kick from one of his horſes, which fell in going over a leap, nothing could prevail on him to have any aſſiſtance. He rode the chaſe through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was not till ſome days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be neceſſary, that he conſented to repair to London, and part with a few guineas for advice.

He made frequent excurſions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A *kindneſs*, however, which he performed there, ſhould not paſs away without remembrance, Lord Abingdon, who was

ſlightly known to Mr Elwes, in Berkſhire, had made a match for ſeven thouſand pounds, which it was ſuppoſed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the ſum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unſolicited, Mr. Elwes, made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won the engagement.

On the day this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to ſee the fate of it. They were to go, as was Mr. Elwes's cuſtom, on horſeback, and to ſet out at ſeven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfaſt at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreſhment. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to buſy himſelf in inquiries and converſation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. The divine then expected they ſhould move off for the town, to take ſome breakfaſt; but Elwes ſtill continued riding about till three, and then four o'Clock arrived, at which time his reverence grew ſo impatient, that he mentioned ſomething of the *keen air of Newmarket-heath*, and the comforts of a good dinner.—"Very true," replied Elwes, "ſee here, do as I do," offering him at the ſame time from his great coat pocket, a piece of old cruſhed pancake, which he ſaid he had brought from his houſe at Marcham two months before, but, "that it was as good as new."

The ſequal of the ſtory was, they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was ſo weary, that he gave up all other refreſhment for reſt; and Elwes having hazarded ſeven thouſand pounds in the morning, retired happily to bed with the pleaſing recollection of having ſaved *three ſhillings*.

As

As Mr. Elwes, knew little of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged in the diſpoſal of his money, to truſt much to his memory, and to the ſuggeſtions of other people ſtill more. Hence every perſon who had a *want* or a *ſcheme* with an apparant high intereſt, whether the projector was knaviſh or honeſt, it mattered not; all was prey to him: and he ſwam about like an enormous pike, which, ever voracious and unſatiſfied, catches at every thing, till it is itſelf caught. Hence are to be reckoned viſions of diſtant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, &c. by which it is ſuppoſed, he loſt during his life upwards of one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds.

Mr. Elwes, from his father Mr. Meggot, had inherited ſome property in houſes in London: to this property he began to add by building, which he increaſed from year to year, to a very large extent. Great part of Marybone ſoon called him her founder. Portland-Place, and Portman-Square, the riding houſes and ſtables of the life guards, and buildings too numerous to mention, all ran out of his *pocket*; and the value of his property in houſes ſoon grew ſo conſiderable, that he became from calculation, *his own inſurer*.

He had reſided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when on the appearance of a conteſt for Berkſhire, on the diſſolution of parliament to preſerve the peace of the county, he was propoſed by Lord Craven. He did not object to the nomination, as he was brought in for nothing. All his labour and expence conſiſted in his dining at the ordinary at Reading, and he got into parliament for about *eighteenpence!* He now returned to his ſeat at March-

am, when he relinquiſhed his hounds, and diſtributed them among ſome farmers.

Mr Elwes was approaching the ſixtieth year of his age when he thus entered upon public life. Yet preparatory to his appearance at St. Stephen's chapel, he attended conſtantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters reſided. At different aſſemblies he would dance among the youngeſt to the laſt, frequently after riding in the rain to the place of meeting, with his ſhoes attached to his boots, and his bag-wig folded in his pocket.

In three ſucceſſive parliaments Mr. Elwes was choſen for Berkſhire, and ſat in the houſe above twevle years. To his honour he ſaid, that in every vote he gave, he proved himſelf to be an independant country gentleman, wiſhing neither poſt nor rank, wanting no emolument, and being perfectly conſciencious.

When Mr. Elwes firſt took his ſeat in 1774, the oppoſition, headed by Mr. Fox, had great hopes he would have been of their party. Theſe gentlemen however, were diſappointed, by his joining that of Lord North, and that from an honeſt belief that his meaſures were right; though he would frequently diſſent and vote as his judgment and integrity led him. Convinced at length of the erroneous conduct of Lord North, Mr. Elwes entered into conſtant oppoſition to his meaſures, till that miniſter was driven from power in March, 1782.

When Lord Shelburn came into power, Mr. Elwes was found ſupporting his adminiſtration for a time; but not long after, he voted with Mr. Fox againſt his lordſhip, and thus gave his ſupport to the celebrated coalition of Lord North and Mr Fox.

This

This ſupport was contrary to the ſenſe of his conſtituents, and with this coalition ended the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes.

During the time he was in parliament, Mr. Pitt was a great favourite of his. Mentioning ſome years after his retirement, his opinions of Mr. Fox and Mr Pitt, he had this ſentiment, always keeping to the *gold colour* of his character: "When I ſtarted in parliament, Mr. Pitt had not come into public life; but I am convinced he is the miniſter for the property of the country. In all he ſays, there are *pounds, ſhillings, and pence.*"

When Mr. Elwes quitted parliament, he was, in the common phraſe, "a fiſh out of water." He had for ſome years, been a member of a card club, at the mount coffee houſe, and, by a conſtant attendance on this meeting, he conſoled himſelf for the loſs of his ſeat. The play was moderate, and he enjoyed the *fire* and *candle* at a general expence.

Much, therefore, of his time was paſſed in the Mount coffee houſe; but fortune ſeemed reſolved on ſome occaſions, to diſappoint his hopes, and *force from him* that money which no power could perſuade him to *beſtow*. He ſtill retained ſome fondneſs for play, and imagined he had no ſmall ſkill at picquet. It was his ill luck to meet with a gentleman who thought the ſame of himſelf, and on much better grounds; for after a conteſt of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perſeverence which avarice will inſpire, he roſe the loſer of a ſum no leſs than *three thouſand pounds;* which was paid by a draft on Meſſrs. Hoars, and received the next morning. This was the laſt folly of the kind Mr. Elwes was guilty of.

At length he retired to his ſeat at Stoke. On his arrival

arrival there, he remarked "he had loſt a great deal of money very fooliſhly, but that a man grew *wiſer* by time."

And now no gleam of favourite paſſion. or any ray of amuſement broke through the gloom of penury, His inſatiable deſire of ſaving was become uniform and ſyſtematic. He ſtill rode about the country on an old brood mare, (which was all he had left,) but then he rode her very œconomically, on the ſoft turf adjoining the road, without putting himſelf to the expence of ſhoes.

In the advance of the ſeaſon, his morning employment was to pick up chips, ſticks, or bones to carry to the fire in his pocket, During the harveſt he would amuſe himſelf with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his *own tenants*. When he had his river drawn, though ſometimes horſe loads of ſmall fiſh were taken, not one would he ſuffer to be thrown in again. Game in the laſt ſtate of putrefaction, would he continue to eat. In ſhort, whatever Cervantes or Moliere have pictured in their moſt ſportive moods, of *avarice in the extreme*, was realized or ſurpaſſed by Mr. Elwes, though then judged to be worth *about a million*.

The 18th of November, 1789, cloſed the life of this extraordinary man, who left, by will, (of property and eſtates not entailed,) the ſum of five hundred thouſand pounds, to his two natural ſons, George and John Elwes Eſqrs.

***

A

# DISSERTATION

ON

# GOOD ALE.

BEING in company with ſeveral friends at a public entertainment, one of the party extravagantly commended the goodneſs of a malt liquor called *ſmall* or *table beer*, appealing to the judgment of another who accidently was of opinion that the liquor ſo warmly commended could not be good; for all ale to be good muſt be ſtrong: and this ſeems to have been the belief of all men of underſtanding in the remoteſt ages of antiquity. It is of this *ſtrong* or *good ale* I am now about to write.

I ſhall not at preſent examine when this liquor called ſtrong ale, was invented, or who was the inventor of it, though I may in the ſequal hint of that, I have very good authority to prove good ale of Egyptian origin; and the name it goes by at preſent in that country, is the firſt or moſt ancient name of it, that is to ſay, *bowzy*, from whence undoubtedly is derived our Engliſh word to *bowſe*, which properly means to drink heartily of ſtrong, or good ale; for we never ſay of a man who is uſed to drink wine in large quantities, that he is a *bowſing fellow*, but only of a *ſtrong ale* or *beer drinker*. This word bowſy, (I aſſert from Dr. Shaw and the learned Dr. Peacock) is derived from *Buſiris*, the name of a city in Delta, ſo called from its having the tomb of Oſiris in it, which was erected by Iſis: for *Buſiris*,

*ſiris*, in the Egyptian language, ſignifies the tomb of Oſiris, and this I think goes to prove good ale of great antiquity.

Reſpecting its good qualities, there can be no room to doubt, that the great drinkers of wine, brandy, rum, hollands, and all ſcalding ſpirits are the main pillars of the faculty; gout, emaciated bodies, and a ſpeedy decay of nature, are the hourly attendants on theſe, while the *bowſer* of good ale is the picture of good health, plenty, and good humour; his ſtamina is improved, he gives a race of beings to the world worth the ſun to look on, and the good ale-bowſer retains his faculties to the lateſt period of human exiſtance, when like a full ripe filbert he ſlips the ſhell of life, and drops into the grave, reſpected by all good fellows; and this I think a ſufficient argument for its particular recommendation.

If it were neceſſary, I would prove how much good ale has been the delight and admiration of all nations upon earth. We learn from Athenæus, that it had been long commended for its excellent qualities; Sophocles extolls it to the clouds, in his Triptolemus: Hecatæus prefers it in his Europæ, Periodus, Ariſtophanus, in ſhort, a thouſand of the moſt learned of antiquity have ſung or ſaid highly of *ſtrong ale*, which certainly goes to prove its great reſpectability.

The ancient learned of our own nation have not been behind in their commendations of good ale, to obtain a cup of this and a good capon, the luſty father of a convent was never without an excuſe for penetrating the aboads of plenty and hoſpitality.

With

With roſy gills the prieſts of yore
Enter'd the farm, on conſcience ſcore;
I'the wicker chair he ſat him down,
Th' obſequious family around
Attended to his ſolemn tale.
'Twas not for them his rev'rence came,
The archer took a higher aim;
He knew mine hoſt preſerv'd a caſk;
For's conſcience keeper kept a flaſk;
His errand was for nut-brown ale.

This brings to my recollection ſome excellent old rhymes in praiſe of good ale. I was once ſo pleaſed with them that I took a tranſcript from a miſſall, the production of the poet-laureat Sir John Gower, dated (if I miſtake not) 1382; rhymes which I think go to prove what no good fellow will deny, that good ale was a favourite beverage with good Engliſh bowſers of antiquity.

## OLD RHYMES IN PRAISE OF GOOD ALE.

BY A BOWSER.

I cannot eat a ſtore of meat,
But ſure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood;
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
Nothing am I a cold.
I'll ſtuff my ſkin ſo well within,
Of jolly good ale and old,

Back and ſides go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, god ſend thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roaſt but a nut brown toaſt,
And a crab laid on the fire;
A little bread ſhall do my ſtead,
Much bread I don't deſire.
No froſt or ſnow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I would;
I am ſo wrapt, and rounly capt,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and ſides, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life,
Loves well good ale to ſeek;
Full oft drinks ſhe, till ye may ſee
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth ſhe howl, to me the bowl,
E'en as a malt-worm ſhould;
And faith ſweetheart, I took my part,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and ſides, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows ſhould do;
They ſhall not miſs, ſo have the bliſs
Good ale does bring men to.
And all poor ſouls that have ſcower'd bowls,
Or them that have luſtily trolde;
God ſave the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back

Back and ſides go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly god ſend thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

After this, I think, none but a milkſop will attempt to diſpute the excellency of good ale. I ſhall take up a little more of your time, to ſhew the nobility of good ale: ſtart not at the word, I ſay the nobility of good ale; for this delectable liquor we have ſhewn the world is indebted to an old Egyptian king (for there was a time when kings ſtudied arts and ſciences, and were very uſeful to the nations they governed, by conſulting the good people more than their own private Intereſts) his name was as I have ſhewn, Oſiris, who was, after his death, for the great good he did mankind, by the introduction of good ale, worſhipped as a god, and this I think will go to prove, as well the nobility of good ale, as the gratitude of its bowſers.

And now, brethren of every honourable denomination (for I would deprive the black-leg of good ale) I ſincerely wiſh that you and I may never want a friend, and a pitcher of good ale to give him; and farther as your phyſician, I recommend, whenever you are overtaken with vapour or hypocondriacal perplexities, to take a good drop of good ale, and it will not only cure your malady, but elevate you to the pleaſures of paradiſe, as it does your friend and brother.

BIBO.

# DESCRIPTION

OF THE

# HOBBY HORSE DANCE.

From Plot's Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, page 430.

"AT Abbot's, or now rather Paget's Broomley, they had alſo within memory, a ſort of ſport, which they celebrated at Chriſtmas, (in New-Year, or Twelfth-Day) called the *hobby horſe Dance*, from a perſon that carried the image of a horſe between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hand a *bow* and *arrow*, which paſſing through a hole in the bow, and ſtopping upon a ſhoulder it had in it, he made a ſnapping noiſe as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the muſic; with this man danced ſix others, carrying on their ſhoulders as many *rein-deer's heads*, three of them painted white, and three red, with the arms of the chief families, (viz. Paget, Bagot and Wells) to whom the revenues of the town chiefly belonged, depicted on the palms of them, with which they danced the hays, and other country dances, to this hobby horſe dance, there alſo belonged a pot, which was kept by turns, by four or five of the chiefs of the town, whom they called Reeves, who provided *cakes* and *ale* to be put in this *pot*: all people who had any kindneſs for the good intent of the inſtitution of the ſport, giving hence a price for themſelves and families, and to *foreigners* too, that came to ſee it; with which money, (the charge of the cakes and ale being defrayed) they not only repaired their church but kept their poor too: which charges are not now, perhaps, ſo chearfully born."

Curious

# CURIOUS TRAITS

## IN THE CHARACTER OF THE

# PRESENT KING OF NAPLES.

BY MRS. PIOZZI,

THE king of Naples rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches fish in the bay, and sells it in the market, as dear as he can too; but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly, so that no suspicion of meanness, or any thing worse than a little rough merriment, can ever be attached to this truly honest, open, undesigning character.

Stories of monarchs seldom give me pleasure, who seldom am persuaded to give credit, to tales told of persons few people can have access to, and whose behaviour towards those few, is circumscribed within the laws of insipid and dull routine; but this prince lives among his subjects, with the old Roman idea of a window before his bosom. They know that the worst of him is, he shoots birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himself to it with his fingers, and rows against the watermen in the bay, till one of them burst out a bleeding at the nose, last week, with uncourtly efforts to out-do the king, who won the trifling wager by this accident. Having conquered, laughed and leaped on shore, amid the acclamations of the populous, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he sent double the sum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindness.

Meantime, while he is happy himself, he is equally determined to make no man miserable.

When the emperor and the grand duke, talked to him of their new project for reformation in the church, he told them, he ſaw little advantage they brought into their ſtates by theſe new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, the deuce a Neopolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence: that, in ſhort, they might do their way, but he would do his: that he had not now an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not now make himſelf any, for the ſake of propagating things he did not underſtand, and would not take the trouble to ſtudy: that he ſhould ſay his prayers as he uſed to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged bleſſings on his beloved people. So if theſe wiſe brothers in law, would learn of him to enjoy life, inſtead of ſhortening it by unneceſſary cares, he invited them to ſee him, the next morning, to play a match at tennis.

## ANECDOTE
## OF ALONZO IV. KING OF PORTUGAL.

ALONZO the IV. ſurnamed the *brave*, aſcended the throne of Portugal in the vigor of his age. The pleaſures of the chaſe engroſſed all his attention; his confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was ſpent in the foreſts of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep their ſovereign in ignorance. His preſence,

preſence, at laſt, being neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered the council with all the impetuoſity of a young ſportſman, and with great familiarity and gaity, entertained his nobles with the hiſtory of a whole month ſpent in hunting, fiſhing and ſhooting When he had finiſhed his narative, a nobleman of the firſt rank roſe up.—"Courts and camps," ſaid he "were allotted to kings, not woods and deſerts; even the affairs of private men ſuffer, when recreation is preferred to buſineſs—but when the whims of pleaſure engroſs the thoughts of kings, *a whole nation* is conſigned to ruin. We came here for other purpoſes than to hear the exploits of the chaſe; exploits, which are intelligible only to grooms and faulconers. If your majeſty will attend to the *wants* and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient ſubjects; if not"——The king ſtarted with rage, interrupted——"If not, what?"——"If not," reſumed the nobleman in a firm tone, "they will look for another, and a better king." Alonza in the higheſt tranſport of paſſion, haſtened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled.—"I perceive," ſaid he "the truth of what you ſay. He that will not execute the duties of a king cannot long have good ſubjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with *Alonzo the ſportſman*, but with *Alonzo the king of Pontugal*.

## REFLECTIONS ON GAMING.

THE practice of playing at games of chance and ſkill, tho' it has been much objected to, and highly cenſured by Hartley, Harvey, Shenſton, and many other writers, is neither unlawful, nor unreaſonable, as far as it is conſiſtant with the rules of honour and integrity; and as far as it contributes either to the relaxation of the mind, or affords diverſion to our friends: but then every perſon ſhould avoid the abuſe of its liberty, and not to be too much a ſlave to his recreations, or ſuffer them to divert the attention of his mind from a ſteady adherence to the important buſineſs of his life. The prudent gameſter will never play for ſuch large ſums as, if he loſes, will either diſcompoſe his mind, or injure his family or eſtate.

Under ſuch reſtrictions, the playing at cards, or any other game, is an innocent and agreeable amuſement: but in the preſent age, theſe rules are little attended to by the generality of our nobility and gentry, whether male or female, who ſhould be the great examples and encouragers of induſtry and virtue; as well as by the trading part of the nation, who vainly attempt, by luxury and diſſipation, to rival the nobility in the leaſt amiable part of their characters. Health, fortune, reputation, ſerenity of mind, and every thing that is valuable in life, are ſacrificed to the love of play. Whole nights and days are frequently ſpent in the trifling and deſpicable employment of throwing a dye, or in ſhuffling, cutting, and dealing a pack of cards; and ſuch large ſums ventured and loſt, as often reduce families from a flouriſhing condition to penury and diſtreſs.

What

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
Or when more dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone.
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play,
The ſtewards brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more then madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting more then hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery!

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL

The modern gaming-table is the ſcene where every kind of fraud is practiſed; and where falſehoods, imprications, and the moſt opprobious epithets are adopted, which often cancel the moſt ſacred bonds of friendſhip, and produces in lieu of of them, diſſimulation, envy, malice and revenge.

Candor obliges us to hope, that matters are never carried to ſuch deſperate lengths, among the ladies, when they play; though the tongue of ſcandal proclaims that many of them, from their frequent and high gaming, are often reduced to great meanneſs and diſtreſs; and that many ſums, which ſhould belong to the honeſt and induſtrious tradeſman, are by them ſquandered away at the gaming-table. It is certain, however, that the hours paſs away unheeded, when at play, without any improvement, or rational delight; and that all converſation is ſuſpended, except the frequent repetition of a few gambling phraſes, and poignant altercations.

But in order to do ſtrict juſtice to the ladies of the

the preſent day, and to keep them a little in countenance, I ſhall give a general portrait of the gameſters of 1725, (upwards of ſeventy years ago) as drawn by the maſterly pencil of Dr. Johnathan Swift.

How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
All the ſuperflous whims relate,
Which fill a female gameſter's pate:
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels.
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind,
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes
In hopes to ſee ſpadillo riſe;
In vain, alas! her hope is fled;
She draws an ace, and finds it red.—
She's ever with new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
This morning when the parſon came,
I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
This odious chair how came I ſtuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.—
Stand further, girl, or get you gone,
I always loſe when you look on.
Lord, madam, you have loſt codille;
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay,
'Twas you who threw the game away,
When Lady Trickſey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore:

I ſaw

I ſaw you touch your wedding ring,
Before my Lady call'd a *king*,
You ſpoke a word begun with *H*,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Becauſe you hold the *king* of *hearts*;
Fye, madam, leave theſe little arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of *clubs*,
And make her partner underſtand
A matadore is in her hand.
Madam you have no cauſe to flounce,
I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce;
And truly, madam, I know when
Inſtead of five, you ſcored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark;
I gueſs the hand it ſeldom fails———
I wiſh *ſome folks* would pare their nails.

SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES.

# OF THE ORIGIN

AND

# ANTIQUITY OF FORESTS.

A Foreſt is a vaſt extenſive wood; in French *lieu foretier et ſauvage:* in Latin *Locus ſylveſtris et ſa tuoſus.* Manwood, in his foreſt laws, *cap.* 1, *no.* 1, thus defines it:

"A foreſt is a certain territory of woody grounds, and fruitful paſtures, priviledged for wild beaſts, and fowls of foreſt, chaſe, and warren, to reſt and abide there in the ſafe protection of the king, for his princely delight and pleaſure: which territory of ground ſo priviledged, is meered and bounded by unremoveable marks, meers and boundaries, either known by matter or record, or elſe by preſcription, and alſo repleniſhed with wild beaſts of venery or chaſe; and with great coverts of *vert** for the ſuccour of the ſaid wild beaſts; for the preſervation and continuance of which ſaid place, together with the vert or veniſon, there are certain particular laws, priviledges, and offices belonging to the ſame."

The manner of making foreſts, as the ſame author informs us, is as follows: "The king ſends out his commiſſion under the great ſeal of England directed to certain diſcreet perſons, for the view, peram-

* VERT, which in the French ſignifies green, comprehends every thing which bears GREEN leaves in the foreſt.

MANW. 51.

perambulation, meeting and bounding of the place he mindeth to be a foreſt, which being returned into chancery, proclamation is made throughout all the ſhire where the ground lieth, that none ſhall hunt or chaſe any manner of wild beaſts in that precinct, without the king's ſpecial licence; after which he appointeth ordinances, laws, and officers fit for the preſervation of the vert and veniſon; and ſo it becometh a *foreſt* by matter of record."

A foreſt, in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word, cannot be in the hands of any but the king; and the reaſon aſſigned is, becauſe no other perſon has power to grant a commiſſion to be a juſtice in Eyre, to hold courts, &c.

The Norman kings not only incloſed foreſts, but puniſhed thoſe who hunted and killed any of the beaſts, with the greateſt ſeverity. Brompton tells us that William I. cauſed the eye of a man to be pulled out, who took either a buck or a boar: and Knighton informs us that his ſon William Rufus would hang a man for taking a doe.

Henry I. made no diſtiction between him who killed a man and a buck, and puniſhed thoſe who deſtroyed the game (though not in the foreſt) either by forfeiture of their goods or loſs of limbs; but Henry II. made it only impriſonment for a time. His ſon Richard I. revived the old laws for puniſhing thoſe who were convicted of hunting in the foreſts: *viz.* that they ſhould be caſterated, and have their eyes pulled out: but that king afterwards aboliſhed this puniſhment, and appointed ſuch convicts to abjure the realm, be committed or pay a fine.

The hiſtorians of thoſe times inform us, that New Foreſt was raiſed by the deſtruction of twenty-two

parish churches, and many villages, chaples, and manors for the space of thirty miles; to which some attribute the misfortunes that befel several of those princes in that forest, and particularly that Rufus was there shot by Tyrrel: and, before him, Richard, the brother of Henry I. was there killed by a soldier; and Henry, the nephew of Robert, the eldest son of the conquerer, hung, like Absalom, in the boughs of the forest.

Besides New Forest, there are sixty-eight in England.

The following are properly the beasts of the forest: *viz.* the hart, hind, buck, boar, wolf and hare; but legally all wild beasts of venery.

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## LUDICROUS ANECDOTE

OF THE

## ABBE BEAUFREMONT.

THE Abbe Beaufremont, of Scey-sur-Saone, in France, although always followed by numerous servants, stately horses, and brilliant carriages, loved, in his odd way, to steal often from the lustre which attended him. One day, in a journey towards Lorrain, dress almost like a country curate, with his cassock trussed up, coarse worsted stockings, and thick shoes, with a large staff in his hand, he had got two or three hours journey before his attendants. He arrived at an inn, enters the kitchen,

kitchen, where his appearance occaſioned no great ſenſation. In an upper room, four officers, petit maitres, belonging to the regiment Du Roi, were pratling to the ſervant maids, in waiting for their dinner, which occupied, and almoſt diſtracted the landlady. The Abbe Beaufremont inquires if there be any one in the inn with whom he may dine. The landlady looking at him over her ſhoulder, anſwers, that there are only four gentlemen in the houſe; but if he will wait a little ſome carriers were expected, with whom he may ſit at table. Beaufremont, who ſaw an adventure in this ſtill, deſires a maid to requeſt permiſſion from the officers to admit him to their meſs. The maid goes up, deſcribes the perſonage; the officers, willing to divert themſelves at the expence of ſuch an inmate, conſent. Beaufremont appears, is taken for a country curate, or village ſchoolmaſter; and is received with epigrams and falſe compliments. The malicious Abbe prolongs the miſtake by an aſſumed ſimplicity. They ſit down to table the worſt pieces are put on his plate: his niece is ſpoken of; he is rallied on his connexion with his ſervant maid: in ſhort, he is treated with every impertinence in which ſuch young fops abound. His patience, and the wine, encreaſe their petulence. The deſert comes in. The Abbe's noſe was a little long, and receives many a fillip. At length he hears a noiſe in the yard; his equipage has arrived. He ſteps down on ſome pretext, and returns with three pair of lacqueys, each armed with a cudgel. Treat theſe gentlemen with a dance, in reward for the fillips given to my noſe. Our petit maitres exclaim warmly, but are completely well cudgelled; and the execution being over, the Abbe ſays to them

laughing, ſtep down, gentlemen, and pay your reckoning; and you may boaſt to your friends that you have dined with the Abbe Beaufremont.

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## AN ODD FISH.

*Cornwall, March* 1, 1795.

AMONG the numerous accidents cauſed by the late floods, the following deſerve notice:

An elderly gentleman, purſuant to his will, was carried to a village in the Weſt of England, to be intered with his anceſtors. When the undertaker, with his attendants, had got near their journey's end, they ſtopped at an inn to refreſh, and plume the hearſe, &c.

The landlord, being a jocoſe, merry man, and formerly acquainted with the deceaſed, after the reckoning was paid, inſiſted upon the company partaking of a bowl of punch at his expence. Whilſt this was making, the driver of the hearſe (not common with the gentlemen of the whip) told his maſter he did not like punch, and if he pleaſed he would move gently on, till he ſhould overtake him.

He had not gone more than half a mile, before he came near a rivulet, which from the melting of the ſnow, had overflown it's banks, and laid the road under water.

The

The coachman being a ſtranger to the road, miſſed the track, and in endeavouring to gain the oppoſite ſide of the brook, had a ſteep precipice to aſcend; however, he got up with ſome difficulty, but from the frequent and ſudden jolts of the hearſe the coffin became looſe, and ſliding back to the tail, which had been neglected to be faſtened, fell into the water, and went down with the ſtream ſome yards.

The driver not knowing of his loſs, kept jogging on, till joined by the mournful tribe, and a number of the deceaſed's tenants who accompanied the proceſſion to the churchyard gate, where the whole pariſh was aſſembled to form the funeral train, and ſing a *requiem* for his departed ſoul.

The bearers being ready, the mourners arranged, and every thing in order, the undertaker ordered the corpſe to be unhearſed, but no corpſe was there! —Every one was ſtruck with wonder and amazement: the undertaker ſtood aghaſt! the driver, enfeebled, and unable to ſupport himſelf, let fall his reins! the bearers appeared like ſo many ſtatues, motionleſs and dumb! In this delemma they continued for ſome time. They very well knew all was ſafe the preceding night, and how to account for its being gone, no one could imagin.

After a long pauſe, one of the company recollected that the maſter of the inn where they lay, exerciſed the trade of a plumber, as well as the calling of an innkeeper; and that nothing was more probable than that he had ſtolen the corpſe for the ſake of the lead coffin.

This was no ſooner ſuggeſted than the undertaker mounts his ſteed, and hurries back, ſeizes the landlord, and drags him before a magiſtrate, who,

upon the oath of the undertaker, commits him to priſon.

This very much alarmed the neighbourhood, and every one was concerned for the landlord, who had till now ſupported a good character.

The next day the water being abated, began to run clear, when an old woman croſſing the brook, ſaw the gliſtening of nails in the coffin, and ſuppoſed it to be a large fiſh that had come up with the flood, and being entangled with the weeds could not return. This ſhe relates to ſome more old women whom ſhe met, when one of them ſaid it was a prediction of ſome great event, for ſuch a fiſh was caught in the ſame river the very day king Charles the I. was beheaded, and that the pariſh clerk had a memorandum of it in writing, which he had found amongſt his great grandfather's curioſities.

The report of ſo curious a phenomenon ſoon drew together a vaſt number of the country people, who, from the banks could eaſily perceive the glittering in the water, but no body was ſuffered to go near till ſuch time as nets were fixed for preventing its eſcape.

Every precaution for ſecuring the fiſh being taken, the nets were drawn together, and then to the ſhore, when the loſt coffin was found, to the great ſurpriſe of the company. This diſcovery cauſed the undertaker to be recalled, the innkeeper reſtored to his liberty, the body entombed, and the people ſatisfied.

*Omnium rerum Viciſſitudo.*

## A HUMOROUS AND MORAL TALE.

Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

THUS popular prejudices, private pique, falſe taſte and judgment, or the headlong impulſe of folly and faſhion, may counteract all the efforts of ſtruggling genius, and render as abortive its endeavours to pleaſe, as thoſe of the Old Man and his Son, in the fable, who, by turns, led, drove, rode, and carried the aſs, to pleaſe the caprices of different individuals,

*But all in vain:*

And the following ſhort ſtory, ſetting forth the embarraſſments, diſappointments, and diſtreſſes of an Engliſh Traveller, in paſſing thro' four different countries in Europe, may, in ſome degree tend to confirm the obſervation :——

"You muſt know," ſays my correſpondent, "that, during the rage of the laſt continental war in Europe, particular buſineſs obliged me to ſet out upon a journey to Vienna ; but, being a ſtranger to the etiquette of travelling, I neglected to provide myſelf with a paſſport ; for, as my buſineſs was of no concern to foreign nations, I had no notion that they had any buſineſs to concern themſelves about me.

"I had to ſhape my courſe thro' the territories of neutral and contending powers. I landed in Holland, and paſſed the uſual examination : but frankly confeſſing that the buſineſs which brought me there

was of a private nature, I was impriſoned, croſs-examined, ſearched bag and baggage, and finding no cauſe to detain me, I was at length permitted to purſue my journey.

"To the officer of the guard who conducted me to the frontiers, I complained bitterly of the loſs I ſhould ſuſtain by the delay; and, as we were then in alliance with the ſtates, I ſwore it was unfriendly—it was ungenerous—five hundred Dutchmen might have travelled through Great Britain without a queſtion;—they never queſtioned any ſtranger in Great Britain, nor ſtopped them, nor impriſoned them, upon any pretext whatever rouſed from his native phlegm, by these reflections on the police of his country, the Dutchman ſlowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and puffing out a volume of ſmoke, "Mynheer," ſays he, "ven you voorſt ſet foot in de land of de ſeven united Provinſhes, you ſhould ave declared you vaſh a marſhand and come upon affairs of commerce," and then replacing his pipe in his mouth again, he relapſed into immoveable taciturnity. This was a hint, however; and ſo, being releaſed from this unſocial companion, I ſoon arrived at a *French* town, where the ſentry at the gate requeſted my permiſſion to aſk for my paſſport; and, upon telling him bluntly that I had none, he begged pardon ten thouſand times for de liberte he vas oblige to take by conducting me to de Commiſſaire.

"Monſieur le Commiſſaire received me with true French politeſſe and with all the graces of Gallic ſhrug and grin, made the uſual enquiries; and I, being determined to avoid the error which cauſed ſuch inconvenience before, replied, that affairs of commerce had brought me to the continent.

"Mon Dieu!" ſays the Commiſſaire, "'tis un negociant

negociant une Bourgeois! Here take him avay to de Marechauſſee, me vil examine autre fois, at dis time I muſt go dreſs for de Opera, allons!"

"Monſieur Anglois," ſays the French ſoldier, as he conducted me to the guard room, "you ſhould not ave mention de commerce to Monſieur le Commiſſaire; dey pay no regard to traffique in dis countrey: you ſhould ave tell Monſieur le Commiſſaire dat you come here to dance, to ſing, and to dreſs a la Francoiſe, den he vould ave treat a you vid beaucoup de compliment and conge down to de ground, *ſeven, ſix, two, three, faur*, time, vid tres humble ſerviteur, Monſieur, my Lor Anglois.

"This was but poor conſolation; but, however, it was all I could get; ſo I had the honour of ſpending the night in a French guard-room, with a ſet of wretches as ragged as ſcarecrows, and the next day the Commiſſaire condeſcended to let me go about my buſineſs.

"Proceeding on my way a few leagues further, I fell in with a detachment of German chaſſeurs, who demanded my name, quality, and what brought me *there?* Upon which I told them that I came to dance, to ſing, and to dreſs;—"To dance to ſing, and to dreſs! He's a French ſpy," ſays one: "he muſt be hanged," ſays another: ſo I was commanded to mount behind a dragoon, and away they ſcampered with me, full drive, to the camp.

"When I came there, inſtead of a rope, I only met with a reprimand, for giving ſuch a fooliſh account of myſelf, and was preſently diſcharged, with a word or two by way of advice.——"We Germans," ſays the commanding officer, "eat, drink, and ſmoke; thoſe are our favourite employments; and had you informed the dragoons that

*you*

*you* followed no *other* buſineſs, you would have ſaved them, yourſelf and me an infinite deal of trouble.

" Soon after this eſcape, I approached the Pruſſian dominions, where my examination was ſtill more ſtrict; however, I had got my leſſon, and ſo told them that my only buſineſs there was to eat, drink, and ſmoke.——" To eat, drink, and ſmoke!" ſays the officer: " impoſſible! there can be no ſuch characters, except among the Hottentots. Sir, you are an impoſtor, and muſt be tied up to the picket till you can give a better account of yourſelf."—" Sir,' ſays I to the Pruſſian officer, " upon my honour I am no Hottentot, but an unfortunate Engliſhman, who have run the gauntlet in ſuch manner as no poor devil ever did before.

" I have been impriſoned in Holland for keeping my own affairs to myſelf. I have been confined a whole night in a French guard-room, for owning that I was an honeſt dealer and chapman. I have been threatened to be hanged for a ſpy in Germany, only for ſaying that I came there to dance, ſing, and dreſs; and now I am to be treated worſe than a Hottentot for acknowledging that I came to eat, drink, and ſmoke. But, ſir, if you will only be ſo good as to tell me what other account I may give of myſelf, ſo as to avoid that damn'd picketing ſpike, you will do me the greateſt ſervice in the world; for, as I am troubled with very tender, feet, upon my ſoul I ſhall never be able to bear it. The Pruſſian officer laughed very heartily, and ordered me to be ſafely conducted back to the frontiers of Germany.' " Make the beſt of your way home, my good friend," ſays he, " nor regret the time and labour you have

loſt,

loſt, ſince, if you take back with you this uſeful leſſon, your diſappointments and diſtreſſes in this ſhort journey may be of infinite ſervice in your journey through life: never take any man's word for what will pleaſe another: never falſify your own word, for the ſake of pleaſing any body: and in whatever quarter of the world you may hereafter be a reſident, or a wanderer, be aſſured, that the hopes of pleaſing every body will be found as chimerical as the invention of human wings, or the diſcovery of the philoſopher's ſtone."

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## ANECDOTES,

OF

## MONSIEUR DE SARTINE.

A Merchant of high reſpectability in Bourdeaux, had occaſion to viſit Paris, upon commercial buſineſs, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount.

On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addreſſed him to this effect.—"Sir I have been waiting for you ſome time; according to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your perſon, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly anſwering the deſcription I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monſieur de Sartine."

The gentleman, aſtoniſhed and alarmed at this interruption, and ſtill more ſo at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monſieur de Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the ſame time, that he never had committed any offence againſt the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The meſſenger declared himſelf perfectly ignorant of the cauſe of the detention; ſtating at the ſame time, that when he had conducted him to Monſieur de Sartine, he ſhould have executed his orders, which were merely miniſterial.

After ſome further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. Monſieur de Sartine received him with great politeneſs; and after requeſting him to be ſeated, to his great aſtoniſhment, he deſcribed his portmanteau; and told him the exact ſum in bills and ſpecie which he had brought with him to paris, and where he was to lodge, his uſual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumſtances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himſelf. Monſieur de Sartine having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary queſtion to him: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" The gentleman, ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the ſingularity of ſuch an interogatory, demanded the reaſon why he put ſuch a ſtrange queſtion, adding, at the ſame time, that no man ever doubted his courage. Monſieur de Sartine replied, "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night!—If you are a man of courage, you muſt go to your hotel, and retire to reſt at the uſual hour: but be careful that you do not fall aſleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the cloſets

which

which are in your bed-chamber;" which he accurately deſcribed; "you muſt place your portmanteau in its uſual ſituation near your bed, and diſcover no ſuſpicion:—leave what remains to me.—If, however, you do not feel your courage ſufficient to bear you out, I will procure a perſon who ſhall perſonate you, and go to bed in your ſtead."

After ſome further explanation which convinced the gentleman that Monſieur de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refuſed to be perſonated, and formed an immediate reſolution literally to follow the directions he had received: he accordingly went to bed at his uſual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half paſt twelve (the time mentioned by Monſieur de Sartine) the door of the bedchamber burſt open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers, and piſtols.—The gentleman who of courſe was awake, perceived one of them to be his own ſervant. They rifled his portmanteau undiſturbed, and ſettled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be reſcued, it may be naturally ſuppoſed, was under great perturbation of mind during ſuch an awful interval of ſuſpence; when at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under M. de Sartine's orders, who were concealed under the bed, and in the cloſet, ruſhed out and ſeized the offenders with the property in their poſſeſſion, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

The conſequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and ſufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. Monſieur de Sartine's intelligence enabled him to *prevent*

*vent* this horrid offence of robbery and murder; which, but for the accuracy of the ſyſtem, would probably have been carried into execution.

Another anecdote is mentioned of Monſieur de Sartine, relative to the emperor Joſeph the ſecond: that monarch having, in the year 1787, formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and cival offences; and alſo having eſtabliſhed what he conceived to be the beſt ſyſtem of police in Europe, he could ſcarcely ever forgive the French nation, in conſequence of the accuracy and intelligence of Monſieur de Sartine, having been found ſo much ſuperior to his own, notwithſtanding the immenſe pains he had beſtowed on that department of his government.

A very notorious offender, who was a ſubject of the emperor, and who committed many attrocious acts of violence and depredation, at Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police eſtabliſhed by his majeſty who ordered his ambaſſador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent ſhould be delivered up to public juſtice.

Monſieur de Sartine acknowleged to the imperial ambaſſador, that the perſon he enquired after had been at Paris; that if it would be any ſatisfaction, he could inform him where he had lodged, and the different gaming tables, and other places of reſort which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambaſſador, after ſtating the accuracy and correct mode by which the police of Vienna was coducted, inſiſted that this offender muſt ſtill be in Paris; otherwiſe the emperor would not have commanded him to make the application.

Mon-

Monſieur de Sartine ſmiled at the incredulity of the imperial miniſter, and made a reply to the following effect:

"Do me the honour, ſir, to inform the emperor your maſter, that the perſon he looks for, left Paris on the tenth day of the laſt month; and is now lodged in a back room, looking into a garden, in the third ſtory of a houſe, number 93, in ——— ſtreet, in his own capital of Vienna; where his majeſty will, by ſending to the ſpot, be ſure to find him."

It was literally as the French miniſter of police had ſtated.—The emperor, to his aſtoniſhment, found the delinquent in the houſe and apartment deſcribed; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the accuracy of the French police; which in this inſtance, in point of intelligence, *even in Vienna*, was diſcovered to be ſo much ſuperior to his own.

## AN ESSAY

On the ſtriking Reſemblance between ſome

## MEN AND SOME DOGS.

Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpanials, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are ycleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
Tho houſe-keeper, the hunter; every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; wherby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

THE perusal of the above lines threw me into a train of reflections, on the resemblance between several annimals of the *human* and the *canine species*.

The supple sinister, and smooth togued *sycophant*, in the *suite* of a great man who is ready to execute the commands of a *premier*, however repugnant they may be to his inclination, however they may revolt against his ideas of honour—(to say nothing of the shocks which they give his conference) who is ever disposed

"To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord;"

To say ay and no to every thing a great man says, though *ay* and *no too*, are not certainly, as old Lear says *true divinity* may aptly be coupled, in the way of comparison, with the *spanial*, who is distinguished among his canine companions by fawning upon those who use him worst, and licking even the hand raised in wrath against him; crouching at the feet of his imperious master, and becoming more humble, the more he is beaten by him.

The sour and severe *critic*, whose supreme delight is to discover errors in a work which has met with a favourable reception from the public, who sits down with all the malice of an enemy, fastens upon the slightest deviation from the rigid rules of the Stagyrite, with the execrable satisfaction of a *Schaliger*, and points them out to view with an exulta-

exultation which does no credit to his *heart*, whatever compliments he may receive for his critical *acumen*—ranks with the *cur*, who is always ſnapping and ſnarling at every man he meets, ſticks cloſe to his heels, and annoys thoſe whom he aſſails in ſuch a manner, that they find it no eaſy matter to diſengage themſelves.

The *pimp*, who makes it the diſhonourable employment of *his life* to make the life of a right honourable perſonage happy, by drawing innocent girls from the paths of virtue, and putting them into his lordſhip's power, may be claſſed with the *pointer*, who hunts for that game his maſter wants to get into his poſſeſſion, and as ſoon as he ſees the poor birds endeavouring to make their eſape, gives him notice, that ſome of them at leaſt may be intercepted in their flight.

The *country gentleman*, who lives upon his patrimonial eſtate in the moſt prudent ſtyle, which enables him at once to make a reſpectable appearance, and to endear himſelf to his indigent neighbours, by a well-governed hoſpitality, is (if the comparing him to a dog carries no degradation with it) like one of thoſe faithful domeſtic animals that guards the houſe of his protector with the utmoſt faithfulneſs, and makes a noble *oppoſition* to thoſe who attempt by bribes or blows, to prevent him from doing the duty of a *true Engliſh maſtiff*.

The *delicate dangler* after the *fair*, who ſpends his whole time in giving himſelf an effeminate appearance, and diſtinguiſhing himſelf by feminine employments, whoſe converſation turns chiefly upon the tattle of the day, and who prefers a *tete a tete* with the fillieſt girl in the kingdom to the com-

pany of any of his own ſex, is of no more conſequence in the creation than a *lap dog*.

The *bailiff*, whoſe occupation is to ſeize thoſe unfortunate members of the community whom the law has condemned to *durance vile* for the contraction of debts which they cannot diſcharge, often appears and acts with the fierceneſs of a *bull dog*; and as well may the ſturdieſt of the horned race hope to throw off his ferocious aſſailant, whom he deſpiſes at the ſame time, as the unhappy debtor ſhake off a catchpole, though he may look at him perhaps with the moſt cordial contempt.

The vigilent *thief-taker*, who peeps into *courts* and *alleys* for thoſe who have endeavoured to ſcreen themſelves from the eye of juſtice, by ſculking in corners and and obſcure places, may, with particular propriety, be compared to a *terrier*, as they are both ſerviceable in bringing to light the *vermin* by which ſociety is grievouſly infeſted.

The *projector*, who is always in purſuit of ſomething which continually eludes his ſearch, may be claſſed with the *water-ſpaniel* in the chaſe of a duck, who is is perpetually ſeeing the object of his purſuit ſinking from his ſight, and tantalizing him by a re-appearance in a different place, to which he hurries, animated with freſh hopes, only to be mortified by a freſh diſappointment.

I might encreaſe my catalogue by coupling *ſoldiers* with *blood-hounds*, *courtiers*, with *turnſpits*, and *blunderers in politics* with *blind puppies*, &c. &c, &c. but I imagin I have ſufficiently proved that there is a ſtriking reſemblance between the *human* and the *canine* ſpecies; and I believe I may venture to add, that upon many occaſions, the latter, making all due allowances for education, diſcover more *rationality*, though they cannot reaſon.

# MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

## A TALE.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis
For travel felt a mighty inclination:
To ſhew himſelf, and foreign parts to ſee,
He undertook a bold peregrination.
At Dieppe, he found a ſloop juſt under weigh.
By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound for Amſterdam;
Wind and tide ſerving, off he ſail'd away,
And, ſoon ſea-ſick, beyond fineſſe or ſham,
Cloſe in the cabin he preferr'd to neſtle,
There, faint and languid, for a ſpace he doz'd;
Till, from th' increas'd commotion in the veſſel,
That land might be in ſight he well ſuppos'd;
So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,
And, ſure enough, Dutch Terra Firma ſaw.

While in the cabin ſick and ſad he lay,
Tho' a true Frenchman, he ne'er dreamt of talking;
But, when on deck, his ſpirits grew more gay,
And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
He recollected that he had a tongue.
Now, tho' a Frenchman French with eaſe can jabber,
And, doubtleſs, thinks all other ears are hung
Like thoſe he left at home, yet a Dutch ſwabber
Is apt enough no other ſpeech to know
Then that which firſt he learn'd from MOTHER FROW.

Such was the caſe of all the trunk-hos'd crew.
The marquis, ſtruck with wonder and delight,
Enaptur'd gaz'd on objects all ſo new;
At length a ſumptuous palace caught his ſight,
Which, proudly riſing from the water's ſide,
Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay:
While trim reſponſive gardens ſpreading wide,
Diſplay'd Dutch taſte in regular array.
Anxious to know who own'd the pleaſing ſcene,
The marquis, bowing with a grinning face,
Demanded of a tar, in French I ween,
"To whom belong'd that moſt enchanting place?"
The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
Ey'd him at firſt with ſomething like diſdain;
Then, as he ſhifted round his quid to ſpeak,
With growling voice, cry'd "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."*

"Oh! ho!" reply'd the marquis, "does it ſo!
"To Monſieur KANIFERSTANE! lucky man!
"The palace, to be ſure, lies rather low;
"But, then, the ſize and grandeur of the plan!
"I never ſaw a chateau on the Seine,
"Equal to this of Monſieur KANIFERSTANE."

While he thus ſpoke, the ſailors anchor caſt,
As the marquis deſcended on the quay,
He ſaw a charming frow that chanc'd to paſs,
In livelieſt bloom of youth and beauty gay,
Bedeck'd with all the Amſterdam parade
Of gold and ſilver, pearls and jewels rare:
On the Marquis ſhe much impreſſion made;

* This means, "I do not underſtand you."

His

His tender breaſt ſoon own'd a pleaſing flame:
Stopping a paſſenger, he, bowing, ſaid,
"Monſieur, pray tell me who's that lovely dame?"
The civil Dutchman bow'd to him again,
And gently anſwer'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

"What! Monſieur KANIFERSTANE's wife!" the Marquis cry'd,
"He who has got yon gay and ſumptuous houſe!
"Well! that ſome men have luck can't be deny'd;
"What! ſuch an edifice, and ſuch a ſpouſe!
"Ma foi! I think I never ſhould complain,
"Had I the lot of Monſieur KANIFERSTANE."

As, on the morrow, thro' the ſtreets he paſſed,
Gazing on all the pretty ſights about,
On a large open hall his ſight he caſt,
Where buſtling crowds were going in and out.
Joining the throng, he entrance ſoon obtain'd,
And found the people much engag'd to ſee,
The numbers which the blanks and prizes gain'd
In their high mightineſſes lottery.
Some laugh'd, ſome wept, ſome groan'd, snd ſome exclaim'd,
In all the ſpirit of true caſtle-builders,
When, on a ſudden, a loud voice proclaim'd
The ſove'reign prize of twenty thouſand guilders!
"And who" the Marquis cry'd, to one cloſe by,
"Who has the luck this mighty prize to gain?"
The man ſurvey'd him with a doubtful eye,
And ſlowly anſwer'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

"What! Monſieur KANIFERSTANE got the prize!"
The Marquis cry'd, "he's lucky on my life;

"He

" He who has got a houſe of ſuch a ſize,
" And ſuch a garden, too, and ſuch a wife!
" Diable! you may very well be vain
" With all theſe treaſures, Monſieur KANIFERSTANE!"

A week or two elapſ'd, when, as he ſtray'd,
On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
Adorn'd with ſolemn pomp and grave parade,
A ſumptuous burial coming up the ſtreet.
" Monſieur," ſaid he, as bowing to a baker,
Who left his ſhop the pageantry to ſee,
And juſt had nodded to the undertaker,
" Pray, Monſieur, whoſe grand burial may this be?"
The baker, as he turn'd to ſhop again,
Reply'd moſt gravly, " IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

" Mon Dieu!" exclaim'd the Marquis with a pity!
" Monſieur KANIFERSTANE! what ſurpriſe!
" And ſuch a wife! and ſuch a glorious prize
" He had the nobleſt palace in this city!
" Alack! alack! good fortune ſmiles in vain;
" So reſt in peace, god Mouſieur KANIFERSTANE!"

## MAD TOM AND THE SOLDIER.

A Droll affair happened an Penzance, in November, 1794. A ſoldier being very much in liquor, and very abuſive withall, was taken up, and put in the town priſon, pretty early in the evening, where he being unable to ſtand, laid down and preſently fell faſt aſleep. An ideot, well known by the name of Crazy Tom, happening that evening to behave very ill, was late at night ſent to the ſame priſon. Tom, who is remarkable for always carrying a prayer-book under his arm, knew nothing of the ſoldier being there: he placed his prayer-book for a pillow, laid down, and ſlept till the dawn of day, when riſing and moving about, he happened to ſtumble upon the ſleeping ſoldier, and fairly tumbled over him. Tom riſing and diſcovering the ſoldier aſleep, he ſaid to himſelf, here is a dead corpſe, but I will give it a chriſtian burial. He went and juſt behind the priſon door found a parcel of dirt, with which, filling his hat, then pulling off his coat aud waiſtcoat, and drawing the ſlaps of his ſhirſt from his breeches, now, ſays Tom I am in my ſurplice, and with his prayer-book in his hand, walking towards the ſleeping ſoldier, calls out make room for the parſon, then began diſtinctly to read the burial ſervice; when he came to "earth to earth," Tom taking an handful of dirt, ſtrewed it over the ſoldier, "aſhes to aſhes,"—Tom ſtrewed another handful, "duſt to duſt," Tom took up his hat and threw the whole in the ſoldier's face, which waked him, and ſeeing and hearing Tom read, he really believed that they thought him dead, and were abſolutely burying him.

The

The ſoldier immediately cried out, pray reverend ſir, don't bury me, I am not dead yet; you lie, ſays Tom! You are dead enough I warrant you, no living man could come through the key-hole, nor the iron grates; there was nobody here but myſelf laſt night, and I found this dead corpſe here this morning! Tom began to read on—Sir, ſaid the ſoldier, I was put in here for being drunk, and am not dead, then ſays Tom, you died while you were drunk, and have forgot it that's all, but you muſt and ſhall have a chriſtian burial; with this the ſoldier jumped up, which ſo frightened Tom, that he began to roar out, thieves! murder! fire! fire! The cry of fire alarmed the inhabitants, who ſome dreſſed, and others almoſt naked, for it was ſtill early, crouding about the priſon, and the cry of fire being repeated by Tom, they called up the priſon-keeper, who, on unlocking the priſon door, Tom ſprung out in his ſhirt, and running down the ſtreet, informed the gaping multitude, that he had ſeen the devil in the priſon, in the ſhape of a dead ſoldier.

***

## A MARGATE ANECDOTE.

A FEW weeks ſince, a young citizen on his way to this faſhionable watering place, in the ſtage coach, had by his converſation and behaviour rendered himſelf ſo obnoxious to his fellow travellers, that, while his back was accidently turned a plot

a plot was laid to puniſh him. When he reſumed his place, each was complaining of the diſorders which carried them to Margate, in hopes of finding a cure from bathing in the ſea; and a diſmal recital it was. "But what, alas!" ſaid an arch wag, "are your misfortunes to mine? in compariſon but a mere ſing-ſong; it has been my hard fate to be moſt terribly bitten by a mad dog, and I expect every moment, to feel the direful effects of it. Pray God I may get to margate time enough to be dipped in the ſalt water before the fit comes on!" The ſcheme ſucceeded to their utmoſt wiſhes, and the hero, whoſe tongue had run in the admiration of his own wit, in a moment turned pale and ſilent. "Nay, pray, ſir," ſays the other, "do not be frightened,—for, if it ſhould happen, which God forbid while we are in the coach together, you will have time enough to eſcape, for I ſhall certainly bark very loud, like a dog, before I bite any one." Matters being a little reconciled, all went on peaceably till the machine was in a long water, at Sturry-mill, near Canterbury, when of a ſudden, a moſt diſmal howl and barking began, with ſtrong apparent agonies, and convulſive ſnatchings of the jaws. The company ſeemed to be ſadly terrified, and the poor cockney, judging it prudent of two evils to chuſe the leſs, jumped into the river, almoſt up to his neck, rather than run the hazard of a bite of fearful nature; after which he ſcrambled out in the beſt manner he was able, and took the firſt and moſt ready conveyance to Margate; but unhappily the ſtory was there before him, and he was ſo perſecuted with having *bow wow* continually rung in his ears, even by the boys in the ſtreet, that he ſoon decamped, leaving the company to deplore the loſs of ſo facetious and accompliſhed a *buck*.

## ANECDOTE,

OF THE LATE

## Mr. GARRICK.

IT has been ſaid that *man* is the only animal that laughs but though dogs may not abſolutely laugh, they are ſometimes, like Falſtaff, the cauſe of laughter in others; the following circumſtance which happened to Garrick in the early part of his life is one example.

One very ſultry evening in the dog-days, he performed the part of *Lear;* in the four firſt acts he received the cuſtomary tribute of applauſe. At the concluſion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of *Cordelia*, every eye caught the ſoft infection. At this intereſting moment, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, his face aſſumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new paſſion: It was not tragic; for he was evidently endeavouring to ſuppreſs a laugh! In a few ſeconds, the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the ſame manner; and the beauteous Codelia, who was reclined upon a crimſon couch, opening her eyes to ſee what occaſioned the interruption, leaped from her ſofa, and, with the *Majeſty of England*, the gallant *Albany*, and *tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the ſtage. The audience could not account for this ſtrange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by ſuppoſing the *dramatis perſonæ* were ſeized with a ſudden frenzy; but their riſibility had a different ſource. A Whitechapel butcher, ſeated on the centre of the front bench in the pit, was

was accompanied by his maſtiff, who being accuſtomed to ſit on the ſame ſeat with his maſter at home, naturally ſuppoſed he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher ſat very back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orcheſtra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air as the moſt ſagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent *ſlaughterman* was *made of melting ſtuff*, and not being accuſtomed to a play-houſe heat, found himſelf much oppreſſed by the weight of a large and well-powdered ſunday periwig, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off and placed on the *head* of his *maſtiff*. The dog being in ſo conſpicuous, ſo obtruſive a ſituation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick, and the other performers. A *maſtiff* in a *churchwarden's wig* (for the butcher was a *pariſh officer*) was too much. It would have provoked laughter in Lear himſelf at the moment he was moſt diſtreſſed; no wonder then that it had this effect on his repreſentative.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## HERMINIO GRIMALDI.

HERMINIO GRIMALDI, a Genoeſe, was the richeſt, and at the ſame time the moſt avaricious man of his time in Italy; he did not know what it was to do a kindneſs to his fellow citizens, nor be polite to ſtrangers. William Berſierri, a

man of condition, who had heard of the humour of Grimaldi, went to ſee him one day at a pretty houſe which he had lately built. After having ſeen the apartments, which were ornamented with curioſities. "Well," ſay the proprietor of it to him, "you who have ſo extended a knowledge, can you tell me any thing new which you have not ſeen here, and which I can cauſe to be made into a picture for this houſe." Berſierri ſurpriſed at this queſtion, anſwered, he could give him the ſubject for an excellent picture, which ſhould repreſent a thing that was much wanting in his houſe, and which was never yet ſeen there. Being preſſed to tell the name of it, "I will adviſe you," ſaid he, "to make a painting of generoſity." Grimaldi, ſtruck with the word, took his part immediately; "Yes, ſir," anſwered he, with a vivaſity unuſual to him, "I will cauſe it to be repreſented in ſuch a manner, that no body ſhall have to reproach me with not having known it." From that moment he changed his conduct entirely; and made ſo ſplendid an uſe of his great riches, that they ſpeak of nothing but the magnificience and liberality of GRIMALDI.

## THE NAVAL SUBALTERN.

### A LACONIC TALE.

BEN BLOCK was a vet'ran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the BOARD ſtill neglected his merits to crown,
As no int'reſt he held with my lord!

Yet

Yet brave as Old Benbow, was ſturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!
When the death-dealing broadſide made worm's meat of men,
And the ſcuppers were ſtreaming with gore!

Nor could a lieutenants poor ſtipend provoke
The ſtaunch tar to deſpiſe ſcanty prog;
But his biſcuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog!

Thus year after year in a ſubaltern ſtate,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled;
'Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly ſaluting with ſinciput bare,
The firſt Lord of the Adm'ralty once;
Says his lordſhip, "Lieutenant, you've loſt all your hair,
"Since I laſt had a peep at your ſconce!"

"Why, my lord," replies Ben, "it with truth may be ſaid,
"While a bald pate I long have ſtood under;
"There have ſo many captains walked over my head.
"That to ſee me quite *ſcalp'd*, 'twere no wonder."

## THE CANTERBURY BARBER.

THERE reſided at Canterbury, a very few years ſince, a barber who was famous for the manufacture of *natty one-curled hunting wigs*, and he had a great propenſity to laying wagers, always boaſting that his ſuperior penetration on all occaſions ſecured him from *loſing*. This circumſtance coming to the knowledge of two of the *black-legged tribe*, who were at Canterbury during the races, they accordingly formed a plan for *ſhaving* the barber in his *own* way. To accompliſh the buſineſs, they went to one of the principal inns, where ordering a capital ſupper, they ſent for the peruquier, to beſpeak wigs for themſelves and their ſervants. *The knight of the ſtrop* readily and chearfully attended; and, having taken the external dimenſions of the *gentlemens* heads, not being able to diſcover the internal deſigns, was about to depart, but was prevented by a preſſing invitation from his new cuſtomers to take a ſupper with them; being of a convivial turn and fond of company, becauſe it afforded opportunities of diſplaying his great ſagacity in the myſteries of betting, he politely accepted the invitation. After ſupper a game at whiſt was propoſed by his *friends*, but not being ſo great an adept at cards as at his favourite game of "done and done," the propoſal fell to the ground. As the barber was a great politician, and his companions were well informed of his manners and character, the converſation turned upon politics, and from that *unaccountably* veered round till wagers became the general

general topic. Highly delighted at the introduction of a ſubject of which he deemed himſelf a perfect maſter, he liſtened with the greateſt attention to the converſation, and eagerly offered ſeveral bets himſelf. As his two companions appeared rather *ſhy*, and hinted that it would not be ſafe to bet with a man who in general laid ſo ſure as always to win, he became very anxious for a pull upon thoſe whom he conſidered as pigeons, but, unluckily for him, turned out to be *rooks*. After many propoſitions, they offering to bet the barber ten guineas that he did not repeat one ſentence, and that only, during the ſpace of ten minutes. Cunningly thinking he had his men, he ſtarted up and ſwore he could repeat any ſentence for an hour; after ſtepping home for a ſupply of caſh, he returned and a bet of fifty guineas was made, both ſtakes being depoſited under a hat on the table, that he did not without intermiſſion, repeat the words "*There he goes*," for half an hour's continuance. He accordingly took his ſtation at the table, and, with a watch before him to note the time, began his recital of *There he goes, there he goes, there he goes*. Having on a ſteady and unalterable tone for a quarter of an hour, one of the gentleman, with a view to lead the barber from his ſtated ſubject lifted up the hat, counted out half the money, and ſaying D——n me if I don't go, put the caſh in his pocket and walked off. This circumſtance, however had no effect on the barber. In a few minutes the man who remained coolly, pocketed the reſidue of the money, adding, as the barber repeated the words *there he goes*, and d——n me if I don't follow him. The barber, now left alone, with his eyes rivetted on the watch, anxious for the expiration of the ſhort time which now re-

mained, with great confidence purſued his ſubject. The departure of the two ſtrangers, without ſettling the bill, excited the notice of the landlord ; he went into the room, and the barber, looking him in the face, kept repeating, there he goes—" Yes, Sir, I know it ; they have both been gone ſome time ; pray are you to pay the bill ?" No anſwer being given but there he goes, the hoſt immediately ran for the barber's rib, and an apothecary, ſuppoſing him in a ſtate of hopeleſs delirium. They arrived, his wife taking him round the neck, in vain endeavoured to make him deviate from his purpoſe ; the doctor, after feeling his pulſe, pronounced him in a high fever and was getting ready his apperatus for opening a vein, when the time expired, and the barber, in a rage of ecſtacy, jumped upon the table, and exclaimed, " Bravo, I have won fifty guineas of the two gentleman who are gone out!" The perſons preſent now concluded, beyond a doubt, that he had loſt his ſenſes ; his wife ſcreamed, and the landlord called for aſſiſtance to have him ſecured. After a ſhort time, however, an *eclairciſſement* took place, in conſequence of which the landlord had a horſe ſaddled, and rode in purſuit of the gentleman, to remind them of their *forgetfulneſs*. After riding about ten miles, he overtook them in a bye part of the road ; and on telling them they had not paid their bill, they preſented piſtols to his head, robbed him of between twenty and thirty guineas, adviſing him not to travel again on ſuch a fooliſh errand, but to mind his inn, and tell the barber to be careful how he made his bets in future.

## SINGULAR CHARACTER.

ANGUS ROY FLETCHER, who lives in the higheſt farm of Glenorchay, and has done ſo all his lifetime. He has always made his livelihood moſtly by fiſhing and hunting. The dog is his ſole though faithful attendant; the gun and the dirk are his conſtant companions. He ſometimes indeed exchanges the gun for the fiſhing ſpear, but was never obſerved without the one or the other. At a diſtance from ſocial life, he has his reſidence in the wildeſt and moſt remote parts of the lofty mountains which ſeparate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midſt of theſe wilds he builds his hut, and there he ſpends the moſt part of ſpring, ſummer, and autumn, and even part of winter. He has a few gotes, which he tends at times on theſe lofty cliffs. Theſe, with the dog, the gun, the ſpear, and the dirk, a belted plaid hoſe, and brogues conſtitute the whole property of this ſavage. They are all he ſeems to deſire. While his goats feed among the rocks and wide extended heaths, he ranges the hill and the foreſt in purſuit of the game. He returns to his little flock in the evening. He leads them to his ſolitary hut. He milks them with his own hands; and after making a comfortable meal of what game he may have caught in the day, and of the milk of his goats, he lays himſelf down to reſt in the midſt of them. By day they are his chief care, by night his only companions, the dog excepted. He deſires not to aſſociate with any of his own ſpecies, either man or woman; and yet if the ſtep of the wandering ſtranger happens to approach

proach his little hut, Angus Roy is humane and hoſpitable to a high degree, Whatever he is poſſeſſed of, even to the laſt morſel, he chearfully beſtows on his gueſt; at a time too when he knows not where to purchaſe the next meal for himſelf. Strange, that a man who apparently has no affection for ſociety, ſhould be ſo much diſpoſed to exerciſe one of its nobleſt virtues! His contempt for ſociety, however, is inconteſtible, for if he happens at any time to build his hut near the ſhealings of a farm, he abandons the hut. The moment the people come to the ſhealing he removes to a greater diſtance, and builds another habitation for himſelf. He ſeems to have in ſolitude a certain enjoyment, of which no other highlandman has any conception or feeling.

Such is the manner in which this extraordinary man ſpends the ſpring, the ſummer, and the autumn, and even part of winter. But when the chill blaſt of December returns; when the exceſſive coldneſs of the climate forces him to depart from the mountain, to quit the ſolitary cell, he condeſcends to hold ſome intercourſe with mankind. He deſcends to the village, but he enters with reluctance into a ſociety where no man thinks as he does himſelf; where no man lives or acts after his manner. In this ſituation, and in ſuch ſociety, he diſcovers evident ſymptoms of uneaſineſs and diſguſt. To alleviate the pain as much as poſſible, to remove the languor of an intercourſe in which he finds no enjoyment, he has deviſed the moſt proper expedient; he goes forth every morning, before the dawn, to the hill and the wood, in ſearch of game. He returns not till late at night, and then goes to his reſt, generally without ſeeing any body.

If

If ever he felt the paſſion for ſex, it muſt have been in a degree extremely low, for he hardly ever diſcovered the ſymptom of ſuch a paſſion; and yet he dreſſes after the manner of the moſt finiſhed coxcomb.

The belted plaid and the dirk are ſitted on him with a wild and affected elegance; his bonnet, which is very ſmall, after the ſame manner. His hair, which is naturly curled and very thich, is always tied with a ſilken or varigated cord at the root, and being looſe towards the crop, it curls and forms a great bunch, in ſize and figure reſembling a large bunch of heath. This he eſteems as one of the brighteſt ornaments. His look is lofty; his gait is ſtately and ſlow. Who can conceive that this coxcomb is his own butcher, baker, and cook? and when he kills a bird, a hare, or a deer, he prepares it himſelf for eating; makes his bed, waſhes his ſhirt, milks his goats. Under all theſe circumſtances, ſo ſeemingly depreſſing, he is haughty and high-minded in the extreme. Were he ſtarving for want, there is not a perſon living from whom he would aſk a mouthful of meat. In conformity to the cuſtom of men, he takes of his bonnet to what is called a gentleman, but he does it with reluctance, and in a manner which indicates contempt rather than reſpect for the perſon whom he addreſſes.

Upon the whole, he merits the appellation of a moſt ſingular character. In circumſtance the moſt depreſſing to pride, he has hardly his equal among the proud and haughty. Among coxcombs he would make a diſtinguiſhed figure, and yet, as before obſerved, he diſcovers nothing of the paſſion for ſex. He may be ſaid to live in the original

ſtate

ſtate of fiſhing and hunting; but he diſcovers not the ideas, nor the love of ſociety, peculier to that ſtate. He is above ſixty years of age, can neither read nor write, nor ſpeak Engliſh.

## THE RIDER AND SAND-BOY.

### A TALE.

TO give the laſt poliſh to youth 'tis agreed
That *travel* doth all formal precepts exceed:
It adds eaſe and freedom to claſſic glean'd knowledge,
Rubs off the ſchool ruſt, and the ſtiffneſs of college;
As proof of this ſyſtem. what men are ſo *eaſy*
As thoſe who for *orders* ſo fluently teaze ye;
Who ride round the country, and ſhew far and near,
Their Mancheſter patterns, or Birmingham ware?

One day after dinner, as ſome of theſe wags,
Were cracking there filberts and praiſing their nags,
A poor ſhoeleſs urchin, half ſtarv'd and ſun-tann'd,
Paſs'd near th' inn window, crying—"Buy my fine ſand!"
When SADDLE-BAG SAMMY—long fam'd for his fun,
To banter the duſt-covered ſqualler begun,
"What doſt cry there, my lad?" "Why ſand, ſir."
"And prithee
"Haſt got a large ſtock? I ſee none of it with thee."
"Oh—I leaves ſand and Neddy about the town's borders,
"And am juſt going round, ſir, to look out for orders."

# AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE

## OF THE

# PRESENT EARL OF E———!!!

MR. C———, aſſuming the name of Jones, ſome years ſince, purchaſed a ſmall piece of land and built on it a neat houſe on the edge of a common in Wiltſhire; here he long reſided, unknowing and almoſt unknown by the neighbourhood. Various conjectures were formed reſpecting this ſolitary and ſingular ſtranger; at length a clergyman took ſome notice of him, and occaſionally inviting him to his houſe, he found him poſſeſſed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher ſtations of life. Returning one day from a viſit at this clergyman's, he paſſed the houſe of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the waſhing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment and thus accoſted her—"My girl would you like to be married?" "Sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I aſked you, young woman, whether you would wiſh to be married; becauſe if you would I will marry you." "Lord, ſir! theſe are ſtrange queſtions from a man I never ſaw in my life before." "Very likely," replied Mr. Jones; "but however I am ſerious, and will leave you till ten o'clock tomorrow to conſider of it: I will then call on you again, and if I have your and your father's conſent, we will be married the following day." He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addreſſed him; "Sir, I have ſeen your daughter;

ter; I ſhould like her for a wife: and I am come to aſk your conſent." "This propoſal," anſwered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a perfect ſtranger; pray, ſir, who are you? and what are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. Jones, "you have a great right to aſk theſe queſtions; my name is Jones, the new houſe on the edge of the common is mine; and, if it be neceſſary, I can purchaſe your houſe and farm, and half the neighbourhood."

Another hour's converſation brought all the parties into one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and were bleſt with two children. Mr, Jones employed great part of his time in improving his wife's mind but never diſcloſed his own origin. At length upon taking a journey of pleaſure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's ſeats as they paſſed, and coming to a very magnificient one, "this, my dear," ſaid he, "is B——— houſe, the ſeat of the Earl of E. and, if you pleaſe, we will go in and aſk leave to look at it, it is an elegant houſe, and probably will amuſe you."

The nobleman who poſſeſſed this manſion is lately dead: He once had a nephew, who, in the gaieties of his youth, had incurred ſome debts, on account of which he retired from faſhionable life on about two hundred pounds per annum, and has not been heard of for ſome years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our ſtory, who now took poſſeſſion of the houſe, title, and eſtate, and is the preſent Earl of E———!!!

THE

# OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A TALE.

BY M. MARMONTEL.

"ONE evening when we were ſitting at the foot of the bridge over the *Marne*, ſaid Ariſtus, a man of the lower order of people, with grey hair, and a lame leg, and hardly able to get on with the help of a ſtick, paſſed before us, followed by a young water-ſpaniel, and ſaid to the women in whoſe company I was:—'*Ladies, will you buy my dog?*' As each of them had her own, and as his was not one of the kind women are fond of, they anſwered they did not want one.

"Then coming up to me, he ſaid in a more preſſing tone of intreaty: '*Do, Sir, buy my dog.*'—'I would have bought it inſtantly,' ſaid Juliet. 'This amiable movement ought, I muſt confeſs, Miſs, to have preceded reflection; but kindneſs is not ſo active a ſentiment in every heart as it is in yours. My firſt word was a refuſal, ſoftened however by all the reſpect due to the unfortunate.'

"The old man ſtood for a moment motionleſs before me; he caſt on me a look of ſadneſs, and left me diſcontented with myſelf.

"As he walked ſlowly up the bridge, I had time to diſcover the cauſe of the confuſed reproach conveyed by his eyes, and repeated by my own heart. At the very ſame inſtant I recollected that my friend the count de C—had loſt a dog he was very fond

of: As I thought the capacity of a water-ſpaniel was not inferior to the ſagacity of the Siberian dog my friend had loſt, I determined he ſhould have it, and called back the old man.

"What do you aſk for your dog? ſaid I.—'What you pleaſe,' ſaid he. Here, Miſs, it would be eaſy to make myſelf appear liberal, by embelliſhing the truth; but I rather chuſe to confeſs that I was not very generous. I was not rich, and a piece of ſix livres was all I had about me at that moment. I offered it to him; he accepted it without any marks of repugnance, and ſaid when he received it, 'The dog is yours.——' But,' ſaid I 'he will get away; I have no ſtring to lead him by.' —'It is however neceſſary to have one,' ſaid he, 'for otherwiſe he would follow me.' Then undoing his garter, he called his dog, took it in his arms, and ſet it upon the baluſtrade of the bridge.—'You make me ſhudder' ſaid Juliet, 'it fell into the water.'—Don't be afraid, Miſs, the dog did not fall; it let its maſter put his garter round its neck, and I perceived that, while tying it, the old man's hand trembled. This I attributed to age, for his countenance, which I obſerved attentively, did not change. But when he had tied the knot, I ſaw him let his head fall upon his dog, and hiding his forehead in its rough hair, and with bis mouth glewed to its body, he hung over it for ſome minutes mute and motionleſs.

"I ſtepped up to him.—'What is the matter friend?' ſaid I. 'Nothing, ſaid he, lifting up his head; 'it will ſoon be over.'—And I ſaw his face all bathed in tears.—'You ſeem to feel a great deal of regret at parting with your dog.'—'Alas! yes, he is the only friend I had in the world. We never

yet were aſunder. It was he who guarded me when I was aſleep on the road; and when he ſaw me ſuffering and forſaken, the poor beaſt pitied me, and comforted me with careſſes. He loved me ſo much, that I can do no leſs than love him. But all this ſignifies nothing, Sir, the dog is yours.—And then he gave me the end of the garter he had tied round its neck.—'You muſt ſuppoſe me to be very cruel, if you think me capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and of the only one you have in the world.'—He did not inſiſt any longer; but he wanted to return me the miſerable crown. I told him to keep the crown and the dog, and at laſt got the better of his reſiſtance. Then I ſaw his knees bend.—'Oh! Sir, I owe you my life. It is hunger that has reduced me to this cruel extremity.'

"From that moment, you will needs think that he had two friends inſtead of one. I deſired to know who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going, and what had brought him to ſuch a ſtate of infirmity.

'Thank heaven,' ſaid he, 'I lived fifty years by the ſweat of my brow, and yeſterday, for the firſt time, I ſuffered the humiliation of aſking charity. I was a carpenter in Lorrain, and my trade gave me bread; but an accident diſabled me from ſtanding up to work: A ſplinter of wood occaſioned an incurable ſore in my leg. I am going to Rouen to ſee my daughter; ſhe is an excellent ſpinner, and earns a livelihood in the cotton manufactories. When with her I ſhall want for nothing. But as I got on ſlowly on account of my ſore leg, and come from far, the little money I had amaſſed was not ſufficient for my journey. I have been obliged to ſolicit alms; but as I do not look like a pauper

I met with little relief. I was faſting: My dog remained——' Theſe words ſtifled his voice.

'At your age, in the heat of ſummer, and with a ſore leg, I will never ſuffer you,' ſaid I, "to undertake a journey of thirty leagues by land, twice as much as if you go by water: It would aggravate your diſeaſe, and render it incurable, if it be not ſo already. Come with me. Providence offers you here an aſſylum where you will find reſt, remedies, and perhaps a cure.' The old man, who looked at me with joyful aſtoniſhment, untied his dog, and let me conduct him to the hoſpital on the other ſide of the bridge.

"I was not known there; but in theſe reſpectable houſes, indigence and infirmity recommend themſelves. The prior liſtened with emotion to the recital of our adventure, ſent for the moſt ſkilful ſurgeon in the hoſpital, and made him examine the ſore. I ſhuddered at ſeeing to what a degree it was envenomed by the ſummer heats, and the fatigue of the journey.—'There is no time to be loſt ſaid the ſurgeon; but it is not too late, and I will undertake to ſave the leg.—'He will be cured then?'—'Yes, ſir, I anſwer for it.'—This was the moment of my joy and happineſs.—'Gentlemen,' ſaid I, 'ſpare nothing; I will do every thing that may be neceſſary.'—'All that is neceſſary,' ſaid the prior, with a look of modeſt ſeverity, 'is to leave the ſick man to us, and to confide in our care'

"I felt that I had injured the delicacy of the good father, and made him an apology—'But would it not,' ſaid I, 'be impoſing upon your goodneſs, if I requeſted that his faithful friend——'Yes, ſir, his friend, his dog ſhall bear him company: We alſo ſhall know how to value the inſtinct of friendſhip.'

"Theſe

"These words of the reverend father, this reception, this ready care, this tranquil piety, this serviceable humanity, this habit of doing good at every hour and at every moment, without seeming to be conscious of any merit, made a deep impression upon me. What, said I to myself, for my pittiful crown, and a few steps in the service of an unfortuuate man, I am transported with joy, and contented with myself beyond measure! And these *religious*, who pass their days and nights in nursing, attending, and relieving the poor, and who do more good in a day, than I shall ever do in my life, do not even deign to think of it. This indeed is meritorious and sublime.

"Before I left the old man, I took his daughter's address, that I might send her an account of her father, and went to join the ladies, who were waiting for me on the other side of the bridge. I could not avoid telling them what had passed; and my sorry present mingled a little ridicule with the *pathos* of my recital; but I defied them to be more generous, and told them that till the old man should be cured, I was his treasurer.

"Our society in the country often changed, and whenever a new face arrived, I was desired to repeat my tale. I never failed to mention the offer of my crown, and this excess of liberality never failed to draw upon me ironical admiration. 'A crown,' said they, 'a crown to the good old man for so invaluable a dog!—'And you, Sir,' said I, 'and you, Madam, how much would you have given?'—Every one named a smaller or greater sum, according as his sensibility had been worked upon by my narrative.----'Well!' said I, 'the old man is not far off, and every one may do what he would have done

done in my place. They vied with one another in generosity, and I, for my share, thanked heaven for having giving me, instead of riches, the talent of moving the rich. At length I announced the wished-for day when my old man would come with his dog to return thanks to his benefactors. The house was full. I went to the hospital to fetch him; and after having expressed my heart-felt gratitude to the good fathers, and my veneration for so sacred an institution, and for functions so piously fulfilled, I brought him with me almost as active and as joyous as his spaniel.

"they were both received with joyful exclamations; but the dog was taken the most notice of. Never in his life did he receive so many caresses. He was at first confused, but he soon returned them, with a look that seemed to say, he knew why he was so well treated.

"The good old man dined with us, and his dog beside him. They slept together, and the following morning, at the dawn of day, came to take leave of me. The honest man's little treasure was delivered to him. I told him in vain that I had contributed but little.—'I am indebted to you for all,' said he, 'and I will never forget it.' On saying these words he wanted to throw himself at my feet; but I held him up, and, finding ourselves in one another's arms, we took leave as affectionately as two old friends would have done.

'Sir,' said he, at length, 'I am going away loaded with your favours; but will you permit me to beg one more;—'You have embraced me; pray deign to kiss my dog. I wish to tell my daughter that you kissed my dog. Come here Sprightly,' said he, 'come, the gentleman will be good enough

to

to do you that honour. Sprightly ſtood upon his legs, and I ſtooped towards him, when all at once the image of the old man hanging, like me over his dog, and thinking he was kiſſing him for the laſt time, ruſhed into my mind; and I could not refrain from tears.—'Ah! you neglect him.' ſaid the old man; 'keep him, he is ſtill yours.'—'No, my friend, no; go and be happy. I am more ſo myſelf than I have deſerved to be; and your image, and that of your dog, will long ſuffice to make me ſo in idea."

THE

## EDITOR's OWN TALE.

WHEN bleſt with a fortune and youth on my ſide,
I could range through the world were it ever ſo wide;
A num'rous acquaintance my leiſure did court,
I was firſt in the throng, but of flatt'ry the ſport.

All thoſe who were ſmitten with poverty's curſe,
An eaſy acceſs ever found to my purſe;
I was call'd a good-fellow, but dear was the name,
For it coſt me my fortune and ruin'd my fame.

My

SB 25



My treach'rous companions accompliſh'd their ends,
For I look'd on them all as ſincerely my friends;
But when dire adverſity took me in tow,
They fled from my preſence and each prov'd a foe.

If I aſk'd for a kindneſs where thouſands I'd done,
Of the means to oblige me each *ſaid* he had none;
From this my hard fate then take warning, ye youth,
Be deaf to falſe flatt'ry, and hearken to truth.

If you wiſh for a friend on whom you'd rely,
When favours are aſk'd of you, ſeldom comply,
For, truſt me, good fellows, you'll find in the end,
That *a well furniſh'd purſe* is the only *true* friend.

FINIS

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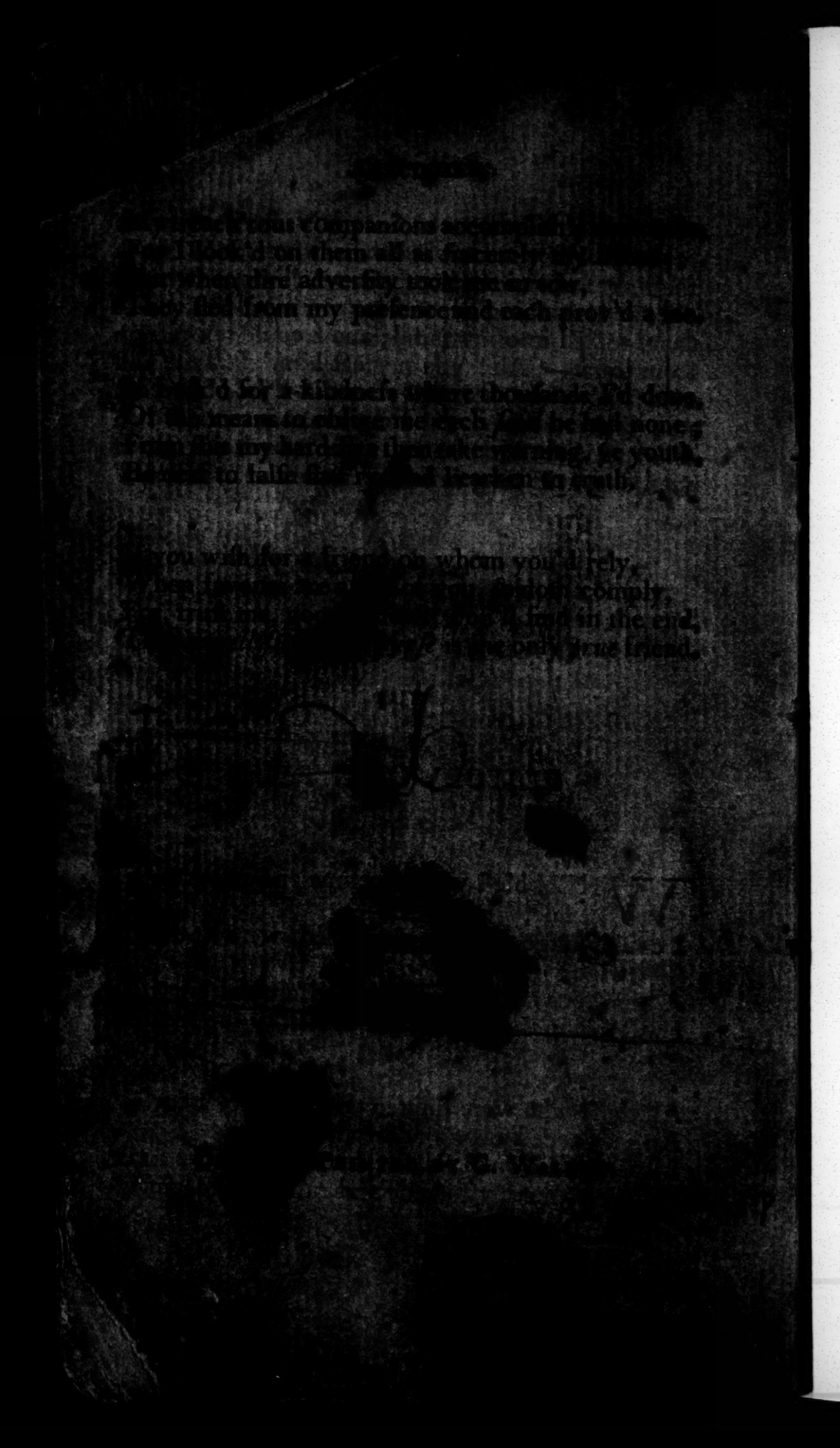
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